



CONVINCIA OUBUQ
ADAMAO TO

CR-1936-326

CANADIAN : SERIES : OF : BOOKLETS

LOW TIDE : :

ON

: : GRAND-PRÉ

BY

BLISS CARMEN

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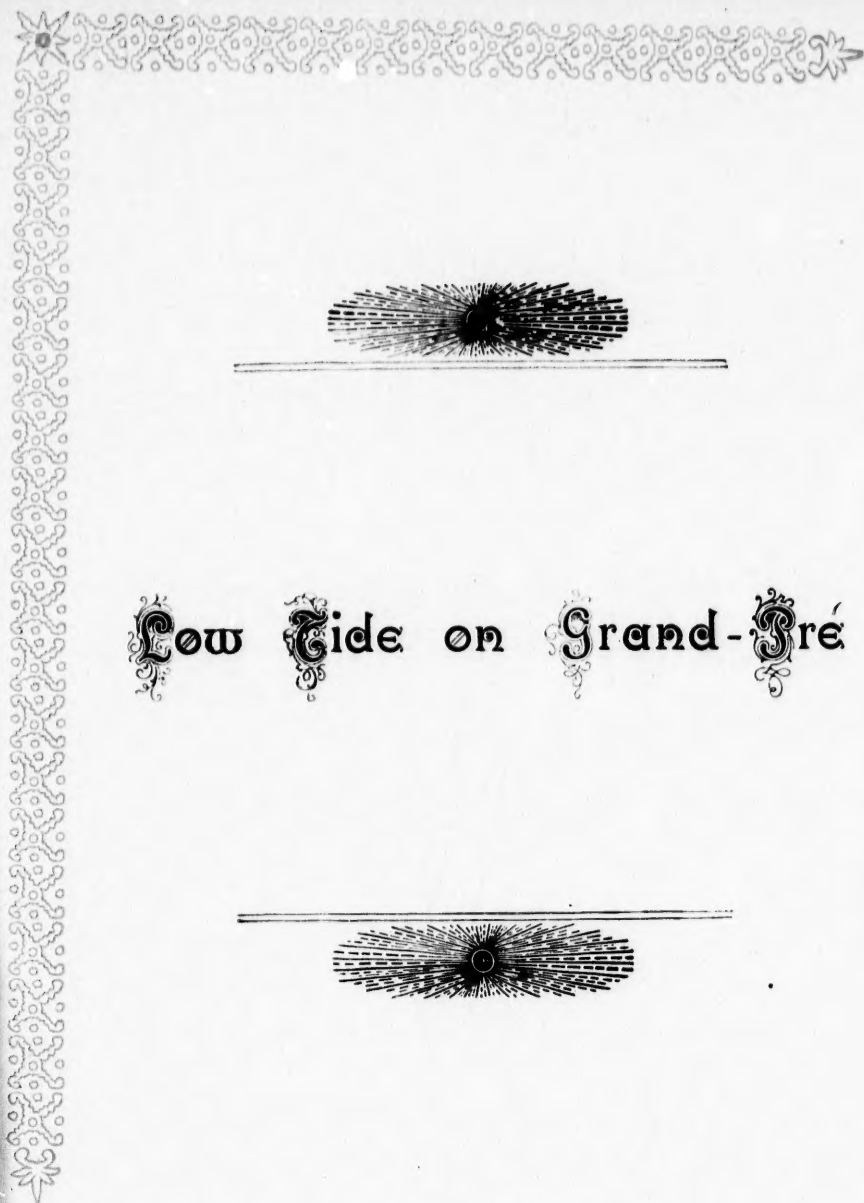
With the Compliments of the Season

From

To


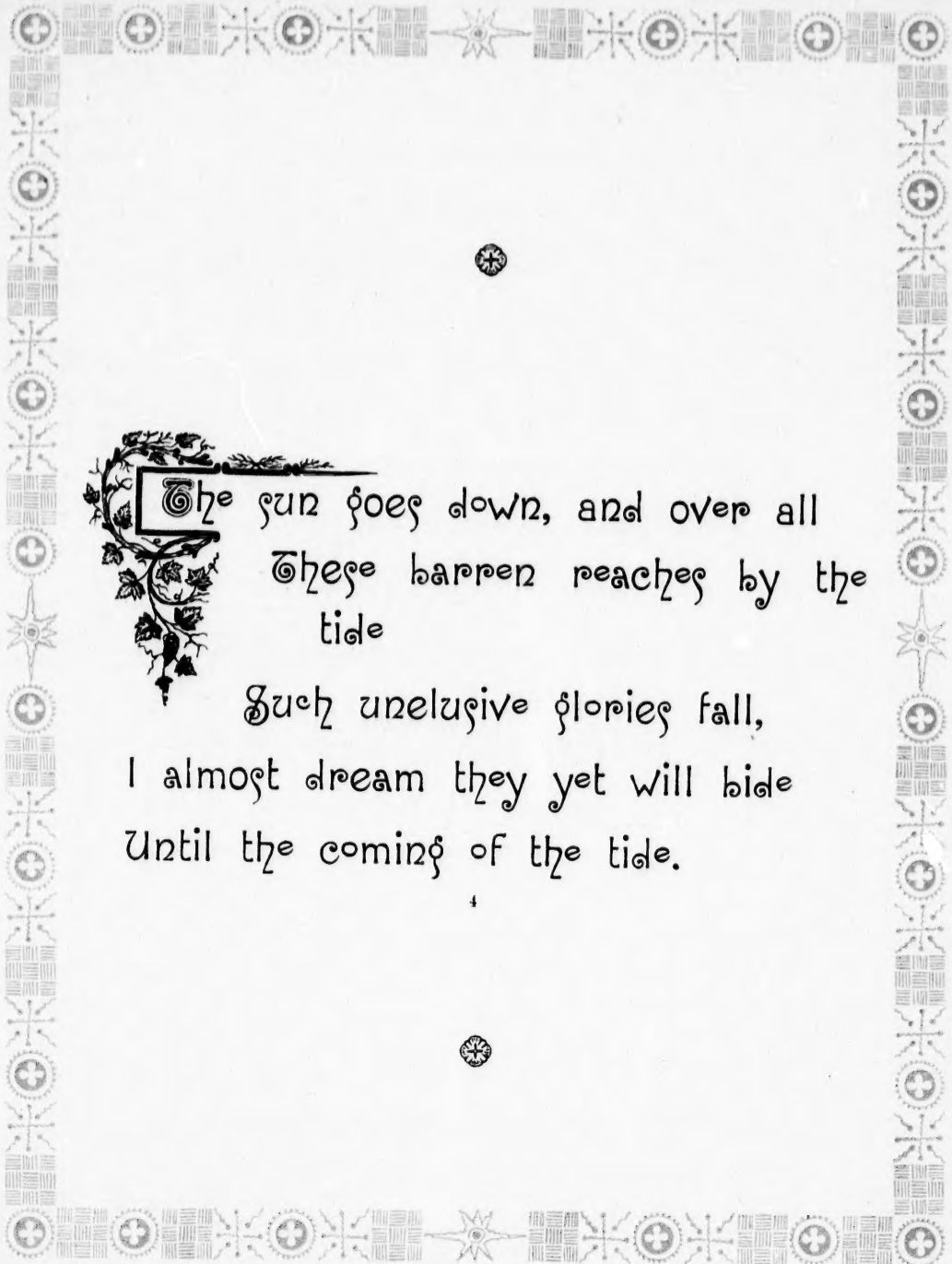







Low Tide on Grand-Bré





The sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the
tide

Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will hide
Until the coming of the tide.



And yet I know that not for us,

By any ecstasy of dream,

He longs to keep luminous

A little while the grievous stream,

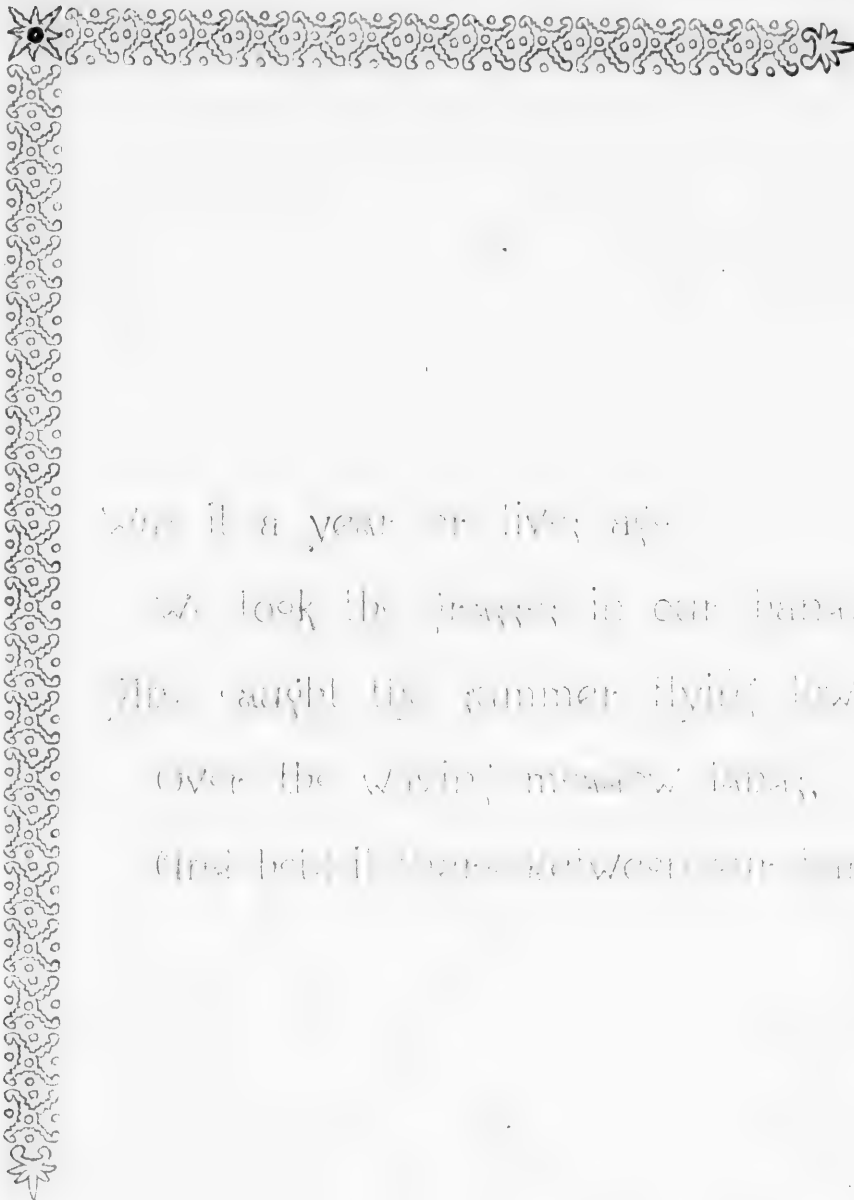
Which frets, uncomfortable of dream.



4

A grievous dream, that to me
 Through the fields of Grass
 I wander, as if to know
 Why one beloved face should
 Be far from home and Heaven!





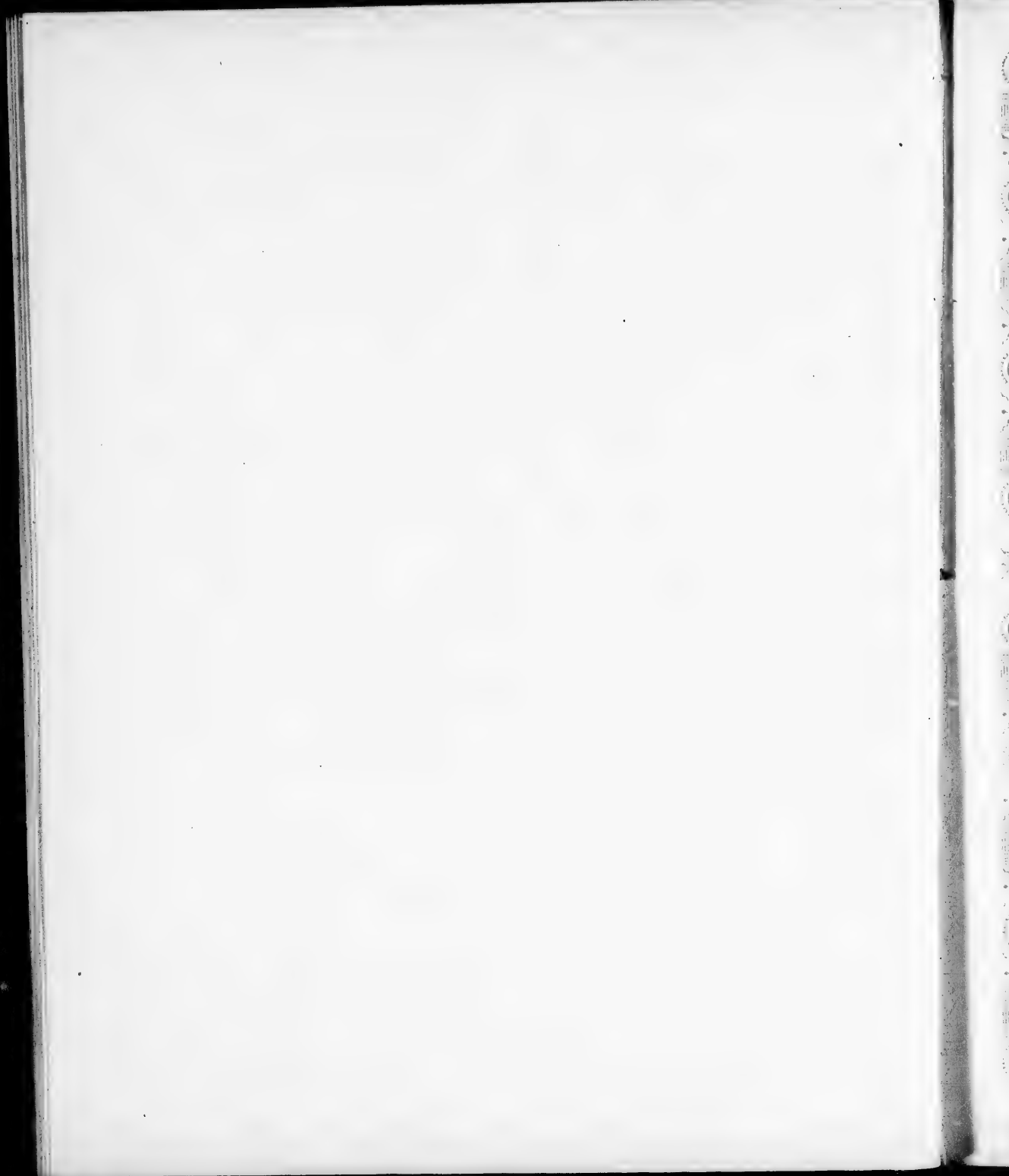
Was it a year or five or six

We took the journey in our band,

And caught the summer flying low,

Over the waving meadow land,

And bid it pause between our hands?



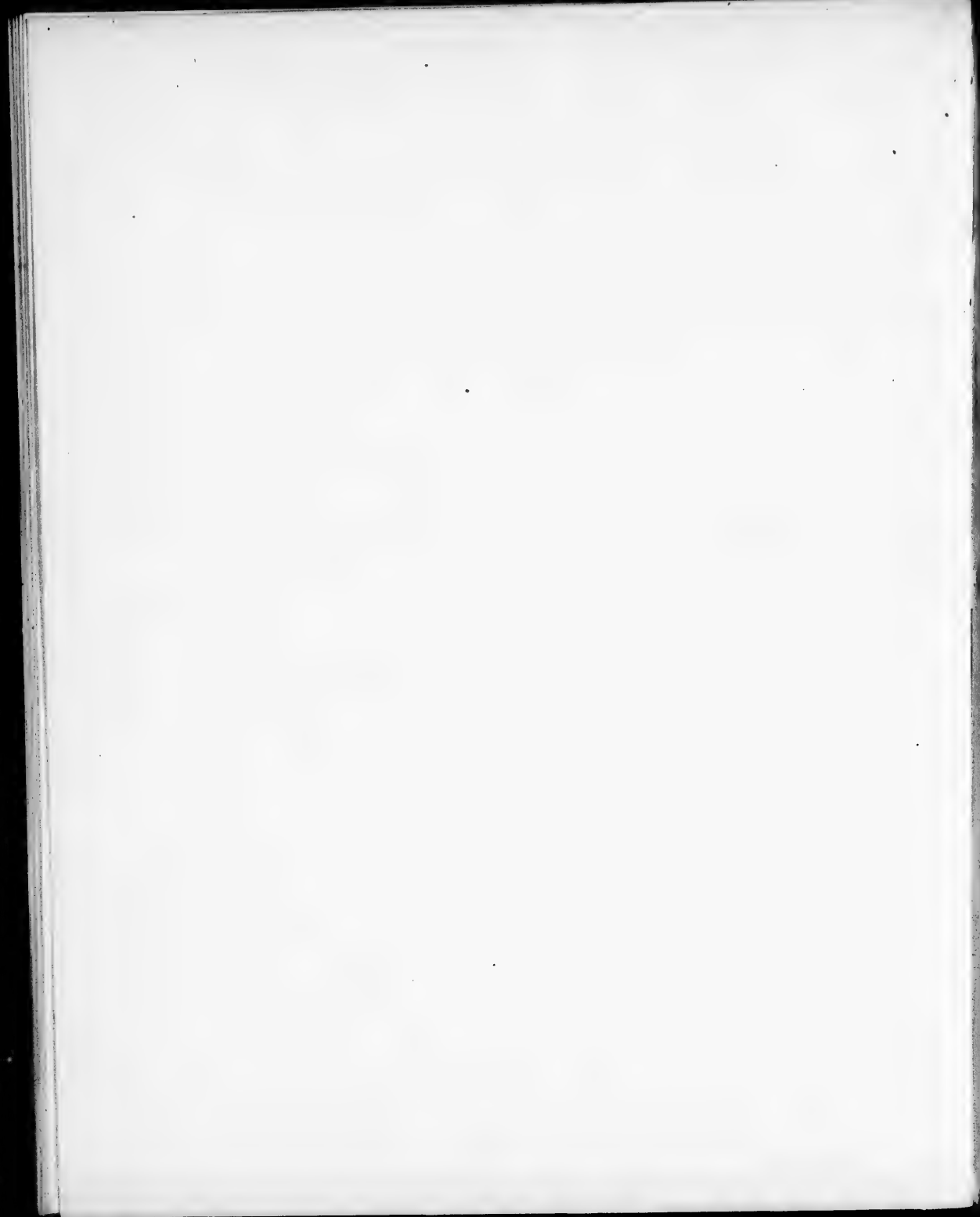
Oh while the river at our feet

A drowsy inland meadow stream

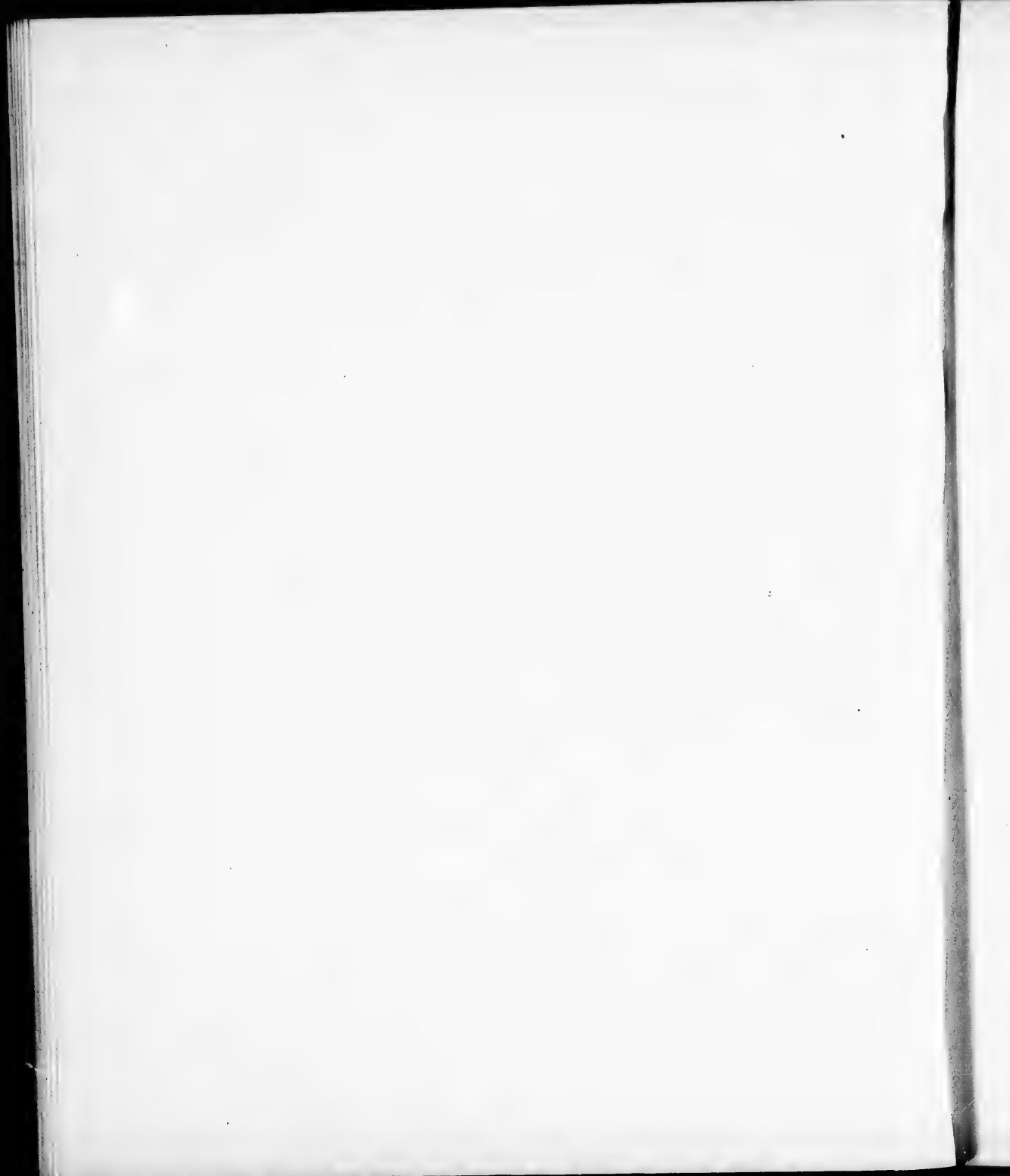
Out yet of sun the after-heat

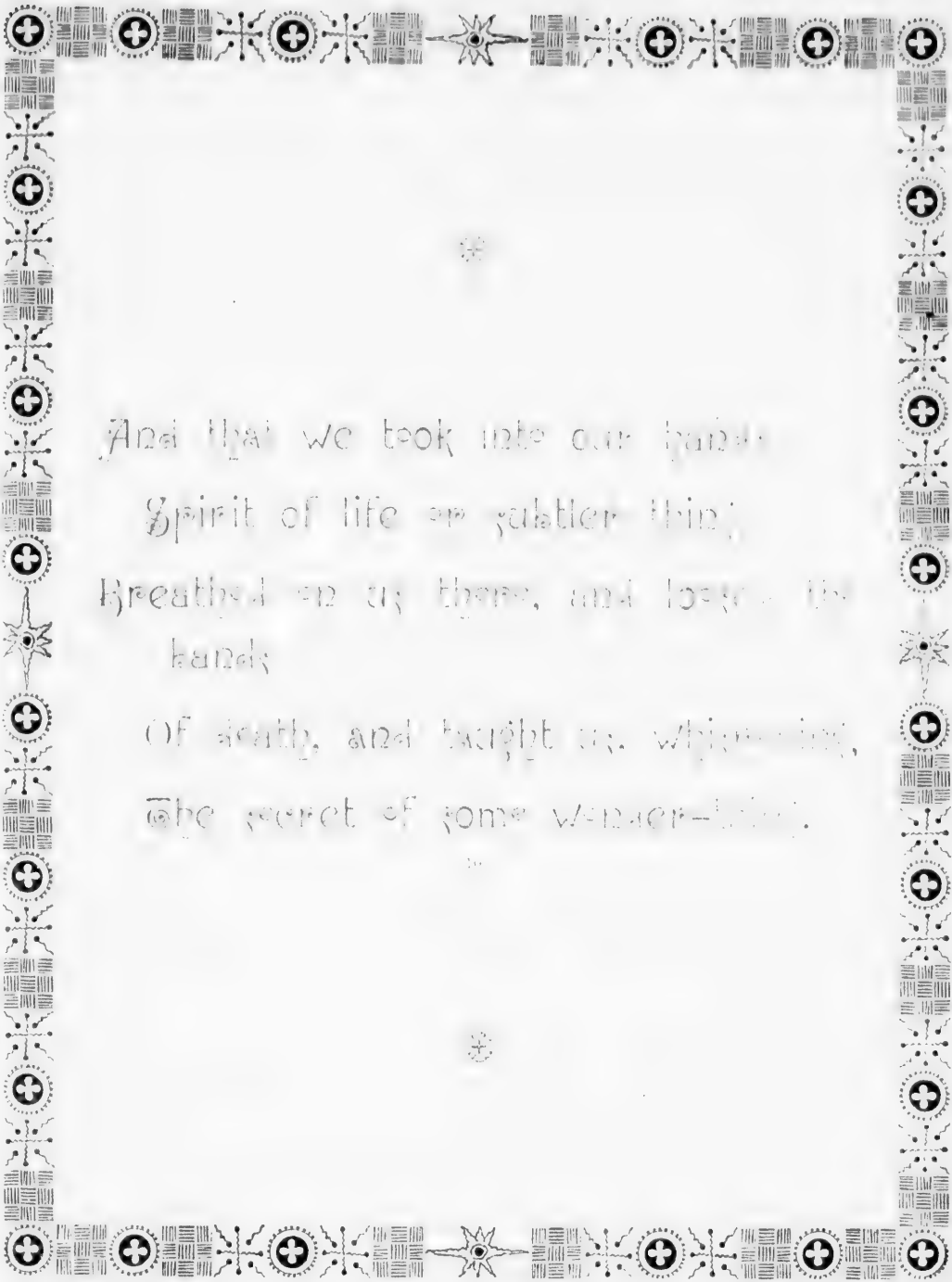
Made rippling gold, and in the gleam

We freed our birch upon the stream.



There down among the elms at dark
We lifted dripping blades to drift.
Through twilight scented fine like mist,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift.
Nor sander soul and soul adrift.





And that we took into our hands
Spirit of life or subtler thing,
Breathed on us there, and loosed the
hands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.



Then all your face grew white, and you
To hold the shadow of the light;
The evening fallowed, and I knew
That time was ripe, and you had
Gone
Their wheeling underneath the sun,

§ All desire and all desire,

And fear and memory, were taught;

One to remember or forget

The keen delight our hearts had taught;

Tomorrow and yesterday were taught.





The night has fallen, and the tide
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam:
In grief the flood is bursting home.











